

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY, Proprietor.

THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus grown
wild wood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pigsty close by it,
The ditch where the sour smelling house drainage fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard high it—
But worse than all else that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould crusted bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.
Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind
Ere I knew what professors and scientists
gilded
In water of wells by analysis find;
The rotting of wood fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size;
The water—impure as the verities of Byron—
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.
And to tell the truth—though I shudder to think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear;
And often at noon when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell,
And soon with its nitrates and nitrites; and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.
Oh! had I but reckoned, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught,
I'd have looked for organic germs and destroyed them.
With potass permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or, perchance, I have boiled it and afterward strained it,
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined,
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind,
How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink!
But since I've become a devoted believer
In teachings of science, I shudder to think;
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to youthful imbibing,
And I'm sick at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket,
In fact, the scum bucket that hung in the well.
—[National Bottler's Gazette.]

OUR FRIENDS.

Where are the friends of our former years,
The friends of long ago?
The dear ones who shared our joys and fears,
Our weal, also our woe.
The chosen ones whose youth's hours fringed
With joys so quickly past!
So happy then, that we never thought
So soon would come—the last.
The heart of youth for those cherished ones:
And prayer, with mem'ry blends;
For holiest thoughts of long by-gones
Are those dear, loved friends.
How soothing the halo that memory weaves,
How soft its gentle fold;
How sweet to muse, though the fond heart grieves,
For the dear, dear friends of old.
MART STANLEY.

JAMES WINTHROP'S DILEMMA.

BY GEORGIA.

"What must I say to you, Mary? I have about exhausted my small store of persuasive power. You are as hard as stone. It seems useless for me to urge anything more now, but promise to consider what I have said, Mary."
"I shall not make any promise," came vehemently from the young girl; "and your insinuations are fast becoming impertinences. You seem to have entirely overlooked the fact that you are not—"
"That I am not—?"
"I shall not listen to you any longer," continued she. "Your mind has entirely too great a habit of falsifying truth."
"I see that there is no use in talking to you about this now. Allow me to hope that when we next meet—"
"I wonder you don't stay away altogether. Why do you come here?"
"My dear child, you are unreasonable."
"You mean that you are—"
"Mary, I beg you not to be angry with me. Good-by—good-by. I did not mean to hurt your feelings."
He would have lingered to apologize further, but her attitude seemed to warn him of still continued opposition. He may have looked back when half an acre separated them; if so, he only saw a little brown-haired girl stand for a few moments in silent soliloquy, then retrace her steps homeward.
They were acquaintances of childhood's making, these two, and friendship had been a close attendant upon acquaintance ever since then. That their chain was broken occasionally was naturally surmise, but it never remained so long. Now, however, there was great danger of a longer and more enduring breakage.

"Well, Mary?"
"How are you to-day?"
"As she extended her hand and smiled a little, she seemed to have no remembrance of their last interview. He thanked her quietly for her kind inquiry, then moved to a window. The habit of visiting the Halstead farm had been so strong upon him that he came to-day almost involuntarily. Not that his will, if consulted, would have made him desist. He simply had not reasoned as to whether it would be best for him or not. Mary's star jasmine under the window seemed to be attracting his attention as thoughts of what he termed Mary's unfriendly behavior toward him passed through his mind. He realized vaguely that he had expected her to be contrite to-day—that he had even expected a pledge from her as to her future deportment. Kind friends had

never hinted to this man that he had a great deal of self-will. They had left its discovery to his own perceptions, and he had been too lenient of self. This is not an extraordinary trait.

As his thoughts of Mary had multiplied since that discussion of theirs, they had decreased in leniency. He wished her to say, "forgive me" now. Instead of that—there she stood; if inclined to penitence, her appearance did not betray the fact. An amused smile expressed that in her opinion he was conducting himself after a very silly fashion.

"Mary," he presently said, "your father remarked some time since that he desired to see me upon business. Is he at home to-day?"
"Oh," she exclaimed, "why did you not tell me at once that you wished to see papa? I will go and find him."
James stepped forward with words upon his lips to detain her. She apparently realized some necessity for haste, and hurried through the doorway and hall.

A servant presently informed him that Mr. Halstead was not then at home, but was expected back before night.

"Where is Miss Mary?"

"I think she has gone up stairs."

The girl left as Miss Halstead's advancing footsteps were heard. He was conscious of having felt uneasy when she hurried away. So simple a thing as the conveyance of her information by another person instead of herself flurried him a little. She had evidently been glad of an excuse for leaving his presence, and was not intending to return. His conscience was assisting these conclusions of his. It was not her intention to endure any signs of indignation. After all he had no real cause for anger against her.

Now when he came that morning he had found Mary tending some rose bushes, and wearing a sunbonnet. On its removal, her dark hair had appeared slightly rumpled. Owing to his perturbed state of mind, however, this had escaped the gentleman's observation; nor did he notice a perceptible alteration now, as she re-entered the room. His face wore a look of relief as he faced her.

"I thought you were not coming back."

"What must have been your opinion of me to think that? It would have been pretty behavior truly, to go off and leave a guest awaiting me—rather awaiting some one." Her tone was friendly enough. "Did Melanie tell you that papa and mamma are visiting?"
"Oh, yes; I met them."

He just recollected having received a good morning from them on his way to the farm. He realized too, forcibly, that he was in a dilemma. Something that we very much dread generally develops to be not so bad after all.

"Why did you ask?"—with a puzzled glance at him. Then she laughed at a merry laugh that had something soothing in it. "Oh, you poor man! You are always in trouble."

Her merriment lessened the difficulty. He began to explain.

"When I enquired if Mr. Halstead was at home, I forgot that I had seen him on my way here."

"But," said she, to whom both situations were explained, to her enjoyment, "you did not come here to see him after meeting him? Absent-mindedness is not in your family, is it?"

Mary was not generally given to mischievous. Her manner troubled the young man.

"Mary, can you not afford to be generous? You know that I am at your mercy."

"I will not tease you any more."

"Then you will be good, and promise not to—"

She cast a pretty upward glance at him and answered,—

"Do you know that Mr. Hawthorne, about whom you have been troubling me so, has gone away?"

"That is no consolation—can he not come back? Mary, I want you to forget what I said to you that day, I was jealous. I accused you of flirting—you remember—will you forgive me?"

He seemed very much in earnest, very much perturbed.

"I do not think you need feel remorseful; do you not think"—she was laughing in a tremulous fashion—"that my words were as bitter as yours?"

Matters were becoming comfortably adjusted. It occurred to James Winthrop that the old friendship would not be sufficient for him—would not fill his desire any longer. With the thought came words to express it.

"Mary, your friendship is very dear to me. I would not lose it were it not to gain something dearer still. Dearest will you be my wife?"

She smiled tranquilly, joyfully. Praise was in their hearts to the Giver of all. Mary and her friend understood each other finally.

A STREET FULL OF MILLIONAIRES.—No street in the world, perhaps, possesses more value to the square foot than Fifth Avenue, New York, the abode of so many millionaires. The figures as taken from the tax-books of the current year show that the city derives a revenue of over \$1,000,000 a year from this one avenue, between Eighth and Eighty-second street. The total amount of the figures printed is \$49,449,000, it being forty per cent, less than the actual value of the property. Taxable property is supposed to be assessed at sixty per cent, of its real value, at which rate the estimation of the tax department officials place the actual value of the property on Fifth Avenue, not including that which is exempt from taxation, at \$69,228,600. These figures, however, only take in the property from Washington Square to the end of Central Park; and in many instances the records of portions of assessable property could not be found on the tax-books by the reporters.—[N. Y. World.]

A cornetist in Ansonia was stung on the hand by a hornet while he was playing his cornet in church recently. A deacon rose up and thanked the hornet.

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

The Mild Tempered Man has a Session of Plant Transplanting.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking up from her plate, and regarding her husband earnestly. "My dear, it is getting late in the season, and I'm afraid my plants will be spoiled by the frost. Don't you think it is time they were taken in?"

"Perhaps so," sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you think so why don't you take 'em up?"

"Won't you do it, dear?" smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, sweetly.

"Come on!" replied Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping everything and preparing for the fray.

Mrs. Spoopendyke put on her bonnet and followed her husband into the garden.

"You want to be a little careful with some of them," she suggested. "A good many of them are tender plants and want to be handled gingerly."

"You trust me," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, grabbing a rose bush with both hands and giving a prodigious jerk. "Dot gosh the bush!" he roared, as his hands slipped off, leaving two-thirds of the skin behind.

"I didn't mean that one," squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That one is to be covered up with straw. Try some of the others."

"This one of 'em?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke, and he caught hold of a tough old geranium. "Come into the house out of the cold!" he cried, apostrophizing the plant. "Come forth from the teeming earth and be blessed with light and warmth in the garret!" and he took a death grip on the plant half way between the root and the top.

The question before the house is, dirt or Spoopendyke, shall the ground absorb him, or shall the dod gasted fruit of much cultivation let go its hold and come out of the garden, Maud!" and with this exordium, delivered with a yell, Mr. Spoopendyke broke the geranium off short and sent it over the fence to join the rose.

"You are losing them all," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, her face flushed and her soul vexed by the fate of her plants, "I wanted to save that one."

"Next year we'll plant 'em the other end up, and then they will grow out of the ground of their own accord!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke, making for a tuberosc.

"Now let's see what this thing is tied to! If it isn't made fast to a Chinese laundry on the other side of the globe, we'll see what the bottom looks like before the intense cold sets in."

"Don't pull that up!" protested Mrs. Spoopendyke, in despair. "I only want to save the bulb of that!"

"Fear what the lady says!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping the stalk, and spreading his legs for an unparalleled exertion. "We are indifferent to the upper works, but the bulb has become a matter of necessity! Put aside vain pride and show—"

but here he put in all his strength, and rolled half way across the garden, crushing vines and shrubs and winding up against a fence with a crash that shook every board in it.

"Did any of the bulb get away?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, dazed by his fall. "Am I to understand that the excavation was not a success?" he bawled recovering himself with a mighty effort.

"Lead me to where the balance of this measly matinee is located! Does this thing belong to the show?" and he caught hold of a tomato vine. "Is there a bulb annex to this thing of beauty and joy until I got hold of it! Be still, sad heart, until I get started!"

and he wrenched the vine from the socket and whirled it around his head. "One more bulb to hear from!" and he pawed into the earth in vain search for the root, scattering the dirt in all directions. "There!" he puffed, when he had built a sort of cave in the place out of which the vine had come. "I'm most thorough!" and he went at it again.

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest, ne'er was spoken of this hole!" and with this peroration Mr. Spoopendyke gathered himself up into a lump and came down hard on both feet in the excavation he had made.

"I might have known that you didn't know anything about it," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, who was anxious to distract his attention from the fact that there were several beds of flowers he had not marauded.

"Might, might ye?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, rising in his wrath as he found it impossible to convince his wife that he had done it all for the best.

"Think ye might have known that I didn't know anything about it! With what ye might have known in this world and what ye don't know, ye only want a name carved in your back, and the paint scratched off, to be the front seat in the first class in a public school! Some day when it rains, and I can't get out on account of the toothache, I'm going to fit you up with eight languages and a reputation, and start an intelligence office with you!"

and with this tribute to his wife's capacity, Mr. Spoopendyke plunged into the house, put on his hat and side before, and darted out to tell his friend Specklebottom that he thought something of buying the lot next door, and raising fruit next season as he was sure his experience in farming would stand him in good stead and see him through to complete success.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, as the door banged after him, and she set to work to take up the remainder of the plants. "I have found out how much he knows about shrubs. Next spring, when I get ready to plant, I'll ask him to take up some more bulbs."

Could the pitcher of a base-ball team be spoken of as "the power behind the thrown?"

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A voluntary on the organ—When your handkerchief is doing service.

General Sherman's lips are in a continual state of puckering.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes can write poetry with his left hand.

Quarrelling avails nothing. The 40 thieves came to grief by jars.

The Duke of Argyll takes great interest in the acclimatization of Canadian animals in Scotland.

M. Jules Verne is 50 years old. His hair and beard are turning white, and he is growing fat.

Congressman Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, is erect as an arrow and his hair as white as snow.

Twenty-five hundred negroes have left South Carolina during the past four weeks for Arkansas and Texas.

The powerful electric light at the Calumet and Hecla mines can be seen 42 miles away by vessels on Lake Superior.

Be careful how you handle matches. When you strike them they always flare up. Fuse see this. Keep it dark.

A Michigan man who lost both legs in a saw-mill now sits around and tells about the terrible battles of the late war. That's the sawed-off man he is.

The number of pupils who are now studying German in the public schools of St. Louis is over 20,000, or more than half of the whole number of pupils.

A Vermont editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "Oh Gods!" to "Oh goah!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

Japan is unnecessarily cruel to her police. A late press regulation compels editors to hold original manuscripts three weeks to permit their perusal by the police.

"Isn't it singular," said a visitor gazing at the Niagara Falls, "that the little moisture that arises from that vast cataract should be mist?"

It is believed that a dude could gather coconuts without danger of bodily harm. It would be a mean monkey that would fire a coconut at a dude.

A Toledo man knows how to play on two cornets at once. The neighbors say they don't object to his knowing how, but he had better not try to do it.

Mr. John C. Jennings, Mayor of Salt Lake City, appears and acts like an Englishman. He is a large stockholder in the Co-operative Store, which has a business of \$2,000,000 a year.

One of the most interesting historical curiosities at the fair recently held in Canton, Ct., was a vest made in 1776 from blue-striped bedtick spun and woven by Miss Rosannah Ferry, of Simsbury.

A scientist says that in the moon a hickory nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a mine ball. That settles it. We shall never go to the moon to gather hickory nuts.

Professor Paul Passy, of Paris, thinks that America is the dustiest country he ever visited. He thinks that our high schools are not practical. "Too much Latin," he says, "is the bane of modern educational institutions."

"This is the time of year," says a New York paper, "when the baby should have a ride every morning."

"Yes," murmurs the bachelor who lives next door to a cross youngster, "yes, put it in the dog-catcher's wagon."

The Rev. Phillips Brooks increased his great size while on his journey round the world. He is modest and courteous, and is liked by reporters. He refuses to give away his portrait, and destroyed the only negative ever taken.

It is stated that a hen set for three days on a nest full of hailstones before she discovered they were not eggs. The funniest part of the story is that she didn't hatch out an ice-house or two. But perhaps the Texas liar was not enjoying good health.

"Behold my whacks nose!" exclaimed a knock-kneed bar-room bummer, as he emerged from a free light. "Hear my glass sigh!" ejaculated a cork-legged comrade, as he put down an empty one and moaned. "If you have no tin near," said the bartender, "then you can peg out."

The other day a farmer living north of Streator, Ill., sold a quantity of rags to a dealer. A few days afterward he was in town, and, after searching for some time, found in his discarded garments \$400, a number of notes, and some deeds, which had been put in the rag bag for safe keeping.

The police of Cambridge, Mass., were called to save a man from being murdered by his wife, and on repairing to the place of the butchering found a newly married couple, where the young wife was spanking her husband with various kitchen utensils, including the pancake turner, for coming home drunk.

Prof. Bergstrand, of the Royal Agricultural Academy of Sweden, has been experimenting with sunflower-seed cake as food for milk cows, and has discovered that it is particularly valuable for this purpose. It contains from 13 to 16 per cent of fat and 35 to 36 per cent of protein substance. It has, therefore, a nutritive value considerably above that of feeding stuffs, is of agreeable taste, and free from bitter and from injurious matters. Careful experiment also disclosed that it improved the quality and increased the quantity of the milk, from which was obtained butter of undoubted excellence. The animals to which it was fed all took to it greedily from the first, and in each case a speedy improvement in their physical condition, as well as in the quality and flow of the milk was noted.

"No," said Biggs, "no liquor in mine. A stick in my lemonade always makes me sleepy." "Then," remarked Fogg, "I suppose you would call it a nod stick."

EVERYBODY

—OUGHT TO KNOW THAT—

D. L. SAMMIS & CO.,

Commission Merchants

Of Albuquerque, - New Mexico,

—Are the Leading Wholesale Dealers in—

FLOUR, HAY,

Grain, Apples, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs, Fruits, Vegetables and Produce generally.

They will receive Ten Car Loads of Choice Colorado Potatoes this month.

Also several Cars of Apples.

They are Agents for the

"PRIDE OF DENVER"

And several other popular brands of Flour.

—ALSO—

General Agents for the Atna and Miami Powder Companies.

They fill orders for all descriptions of merchandise at lowest market rates

Send for their "Price Current" and give them a trial order.

D. L. Sammis & Co.,

Albuquerque, - - - New Mexico.

Rosenwald Bros.,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,

Carpets and Oil Cloths, Trunks, Valises, etc.

Albuquerque, N. M.

Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. To buy cheap, buy of us.

WHITSON & NICHOLS,

TEMPLE OF MUSIC

And Sewing Machine Agency.

Keep in stock Weller, Decker Bros., Holman, and other makes; Mason & Hamilton, Western Cottage and other Organs. Sheet Music and Musical Instruments of every description. Domestic, Royal, St. John, Home and other makes of machines; Needles, Oils and every part of all kinds of Sewing Machines.

PIANOS TUNED, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES REPAIRED

ON SHORT NOTICE.

Railroad Avenue, - Albuquerque, N. M.

JAFFA BROS.,

Wholesale Grocers,

Albuquerque, N. M.

Send for Our Grocery Price List.

We feel warranted in saying we can save you fully ten per cent. on your purchases.

E. D. BULLOCK.

T. E. SEWELL.

Bullock & Sewell,

(New Mexico Book and News Company.)

Booksellers and Stationers,

—DEALERS IN—

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

Picture Frames, Presentation Goods, etc.

Albuquerque, - - - New Mexico.

Wholesale.....Retail.